In or to whom reſtraint is newly knowne,
The ioy of walking is ſmall benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with ſmall thankes,
I would not looſe the pleaſure of the eye.
But tell me curteous Keeper if thou can,
How long the King will haue me tarry here.
Hubert I know not Prince but as I geſſe, not long,
God ſend you freedome, and *God ſaue the King*.

They iſſue forth.

Arthur, Why how now ſirs, what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle Keeper helpe:
God ſend this ſudden mutinous approach
Tend not to reaue a wretched guiltles life.
Hub. So ſirs, depart, and leaue the reſt for me.
Arth. Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this good *Hubert* pleade the caſe.
Hub. Patience young Lord, and liſten words of woe,
Harmefull and harſh, hels horror to be heard:
A diſmall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, deepe ſorrow is the ſound.
Arth. What muſt I die?
Hub. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and moſt vnluckie fate:
Deaths diſh were daintie at ſo fell a feaſt,
Be deafe, heare not, it's hell to tell the reſt.
Arth. Alas, thou wrongſt my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it muſt needes be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.
Hub. I will not chaunt ſuch dolour with my tongue,
Yet muſt I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beſide,
To aide the office haue at once deni'd.
Peruſe this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert

Hubert, *theſe are to command thee, as th*
in minde, and the eſtate of our perſon, th
receipt of our command, thou put ou
Plantaginet.

Arthur. Ah monſtrous damned man
infects the elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his hea
Effecting meanes to poyſon all the wor
Vnreuerent may I be to blame the hea
Of great iniuſtice that the miſcreant
Liues to oppreſſe the Innocents with
Ah *Hubert*: makes hee thee his inſtrum
To ſound the trump that cauſeth hell t
Heauen weepes, the Saints do ſhed cele
They feare thy fall and cite thee with r
They knocke thy conſcience mouing p
Willing to fence thee from the rage of
Hell *Hubert*, truſt me all the plagues of
Hangs on performance of this damned
This ſeale, the warrant of the bodies bl
Enſureth Satan chieftane of thy ſoule:
Subſcribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods p
I ſpeake not only for eyes priuiledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enioy
But for thy perill, farre beyond my pa
Thy ſweet ſoules loſſe, more then mine
A caſe internall and externall too.
Aduiſe thee *Hubert*, for the caſe is hard
To looſe ſaluation for a Kings reward.
Hubert. My Lord, a ſubiect dwelling
Is tied to execute the Kings command
Arthur Yet God commands, whoſ
That no command ſhould ſtand in force
Hubert. But that ſame eſſence hath
A death for guilt, to keepe the world i
Arthur. I pleade, not guilty, treaſo

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)